

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature and Freedom, Fellowship and

Reading Room
School Divinity

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

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Hope.

*Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all.*

*And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.*

*I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.*

Emily Dickinson.

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The award of authors' prizes has just been made. Stories from all parts of the English-speaking world, to the number of 816, were entered in the competition. Twelve cash prizes were offered for the twelve best stories. The first prize was \$10,000, and was won by Harry Stillwell Edwards, of Macon, Ga. His story is entitled:

"Sons and Fathers"

and ITS PUBLICATION BEGAN IN THE CHICAGO RECORD ON MARCH 23. It will continue about thirty days, until completed. "SONS AND FATHERS" is, beyond all question, the GREATEST STORY OF THE YEAR. There will be an interval of a week or more between the publication of the last installment containing the explanation of the mystery and the immediately preceding

chapter, during which period the guesses will be received by THE RECORD.

To still further promote popular interest in this remarkable story, THE CHICAGO RECORD offers \$10,000 in 889 cash prizes for the 889 guesses which shall come the nearest to being a true and complete solution of the mystery in the story.

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FULL PARTICULARS as to the details of the conditions governing the awarding of these prizes will be published in THE CHICAGO RECORD. The principal rules are as follows:

- 1.—But one solution can be entered by a reader. It is immaterial whether the reader subscribes for the paper direct to the office of publication, or whether it is bought from the local newsdealer. The contest is open, under the specified conditions, to all who read the paper.
- 2.—The explanation of the mystery may be made in the reader's own words, in the English language, and without any attempt at "fine writing,"

simply giving as many of the facts that go to make a "complete and absolutely correct solution of the entire mystery" as the reader may be able to discover.

- 3.—The \$10,000 will be awarded, under the conditions announced, according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE CHICAGO RECORD, and they will have complete control and final decision, beyond any appeal, in all matters relating to this unique contest.

And last, but not least,

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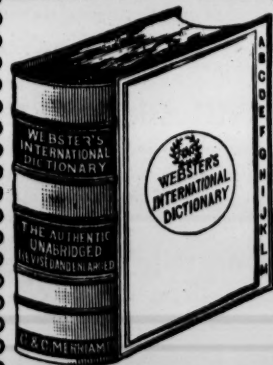
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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1896.

NUMBER 4.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*Go, words of mine! and if you live
Only for one brief, little day;
If peace, or joy, or calm you give
To any soul; or if you bring
A something higher to some heart,
I may come back again and sing
Songs free from all the arts of Art.*

Father Ryan.

Again the publishers are obliged to announce that no more sample copies of THE NEW UNITY can be supplied of the issues of March 5, and 12. The demand for these issues has exhausted the large number of extra copies printed, and the issue of March 19 is entirely out of print.

Perhaps the editor owes an apology to our readers for burdening two consecutive numbers of THE NEW UNITY with his over-long sermons, but he yielded to the pressure of those who wanted to see these companion sermons in type, and we will be able to offer them to our readers as an Easter contribution in a pamphlet that will present some thoughts on the double mystery, matter and spirit, hoping it will do something to emphasize the double sanctity rooted in the words "materialism" and "spirituality."

Our Dumb Animals offers some suggestive items of news under the head of "Our Christian Colleges." "At Dartmouth, the class of '97, marched to a Professor's house, bearing in a coffin the note books containing notes on the Professor's lectures. At Wesleyan (Ohio), after prayers, the seniors and juniors had a row over head gear. Hickory clubs were used and a crowd of three thousand people gathered to watch the fight. Junior girls charged on the seniors. Policemen were beaten off. At Wabash, after prayers, pigeons bearing the freshman colors were let loose. Sophomores and

seniors shied hymn books at the birds. A battle followed. At Wesleyan (Conn.), the girls burned a professor in effigy and had a "war dance around a bon-fire of geometries and trigonometries." Let the cry be "On to Athens!" Let the Olympic games be revived. What muscular pagans we are developing!

The summer school, which may yet provoke a pitying smile from some of the competent, has found its way across the ocean, proving, as we have always claimed, that it has come to stay, because it is a welcome help in the work of educating the world. The program of the Edinburgh Summer School is before us. It is held in the University Hall and contains an array of names in science and philosophy, art and literature familiar on this side of the water. The season's tuition is fifteen dollars. Board from five to seven dollars a week.

Our neighbor and associate, Dr. Hirsch, in his sermon on "The Rights of Children" last Sunday, gave utterance to some grave truths. Their first right is to their childhood. They had better play in the dirt than play at being little men and little women in the ball room and under the artificial glare of the gas lights. They have a right to their individuality, and lastly, they have a right to the tuition that would relieve their minds from the ever present tyranny of money, money, money. "Give the children these lawful rights and humanity's future is assured."

Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, says that "if Adam and Eve had been cats they would have lighted upon their feet in their fall." He gives us further reason to believe that if cats had "lost souls" they would find their way home. He tells us, that "in Germany thirty-seven cats were carried in sacks twenty-four miles in various directions, and all of them were home within twenty-four hours." Although the learned Professor assures us that "anatomically the cat is one of the most perfected of animals," some of us find it difficult to like them. The stealthy tread, the malicious lying in wait for its victim, the sudden spring, are traits justifiable in a cat, it may be, but not admirable in a man.

The independency of Chicago shows some signs of the near approach of that ripening which is sure to come when the spirit of freedom will also be the spirit of consecration and self-denial. Dr. John Rusk, who is at the head of the Church Militant in Chicago, an entirely non-sectarian movement, has been holding services in Willard Hall. Last Sunday an appeal was made for funds that would enable the society to move to larger quarters, where the unchurched might find more adequate accommodations. When the money gave out, jewels came into service. The papers say that the plates came back with the money well covered with the jewelry that was thrown in. All that the cause of religion and morals asks of any community is the

dedication of its frivolities. There is no church whose congregation is so plainly dressed and so simple in its habits but what the superfluities of that same congregation, rightly consecrated and nobly used, would bring unexpected power and usefulness. Let the jewelry, the diamonds and the superfluities be thrown into the basket that goes around in the interest of high causes.

That was a touching testament of a little ten-year-old girl, who, dying a few days ago in this city, bequeathed her little savings bank to Dr. Thomas and the People's Church. The little box of savings, amounting to some ten or eleven dollars, was duly turned over according to the wishes of the little capitalist, to help along the church she had learned to love, and to hold up the hands of the good Pastor she had learned to revere. It is an example of thoughtfulness in the face of death, of consecration to the higher interests of spirit, which many older ones may well imitate.

The Liberal cause in Chicago has a new ally in Rev. F. B. Vrooman, who has just assumed the pastorate of the Kenwood Presbyterian Church. The Presbyterian label, if not a misnomer, is certainly a very elastic and uncertain sign to this liberal movement. Mr. Vrooman's opening sermon was on "The Greater Church," the keynote of which is well indicated by the following extract:

The church's great warfare, therefore, is against the myriad forms of evil—none of the forms of good. The church has too long been more solicitous in combating some microscopical aberration of doctrine within herself than in subduing some iniquitous obliquity of morals outside herself. Let this church be tolerant of every form of honest opinion, charitable toward the faults and failings of men who aspire and strive, but let it consider every form of evil in the world as the enemy of Christ and the enemy of the church because it is the enemy of man.

Now that the editor is back at his task, the joint problems of publisher and editor will be grappled with more successfully and we hope soon to secure the endorsement of our readers in our attempt to make our paper more attractive, symmetrical and a more worthy organ of religious culture and cultivated religion than it ever has been before. But we cannot do it all at this end of the line. We appeal to our friends in every locality to send us news of good work done. We would like a correspondent from every liberal center. Send your items. We cannot report you without your first giving us the material. We also offer our columns to earnest thinkers everywhere. Send us your digested thought, your close and best thinking. We want the Liberal Congress department made alive with short discussions of timely subjects. Societies or communities willing to make an onward push for a wider circulation will find it to their advantage to correspond with the publishers, who will offer special inducements. Agents wanted everywhere. Will you help, help now and help all the while?

Ginn & Company, Boston, are undertaking the publication of "A Series of Hand-Books on the History of Religions" under the direction of Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor of the Semitic languages at the University of Pennsylvania. This is an undertaking of more religious than scholarly significance. The six books announced, the first two of which we believe are ready,

represent an account of the religions of India, Babylonia and Assyria, the ancient Teutons, Persia, Egypt, Israel and an introduction to the history of religions by Prof. Toy. We hope that the books will prove just what they claim to be, "Hand Books." There is much to be added to the learning on these subjects and specialists must yet work in the interest of scholars and scholarship, but much is already known that deserves to be popularized. We hope Prof. Jastrow, in his editing, will have in mind the thousands of intelligent people who are ignorant on the topics of comparative religions. Not even science itself can do so much to ameliorate dogma and to elevate reverence and to keep the spirit in tender touch with the life of the universe as can the study of comparative religions, which is indeed, itself one of the latest and highest of the sciences. We hope this work will be so well done that it will deserve and receive wide encouragement.

While the "Voters' Municipal League" of Chicago is doing most hopeful work in the political arena, the Monday morning papers bear to us the saddest assurance from the most reliable sources of information that several hundred garment-makers and their families are actually on the point of starvation in this city. These garment-makers have simply asked for what they consider fair play of their employers. They have consented to abide by the decision of any just arbitration, but the arrogant employers hold out and this committee, of which Rev. Thomas C. Hall is chairman, Judge Tuley, Prof. Small, Miss Addams and others are members, tell us that from twelve to sixteen thousand former employes in tailors' and sweaters' shops are now out of work. The self-sufficient capitalist, the independent business man cannot always say that "it is nobody else's business" how they deal with their employes or whether they deal with them or not. There is a third party involved here as elsewhere, the public, the commonwealth, and their interests are at stake and those who refuse to recognize their interest and refuse to refer any dispute to the honorable settlement of an arbitration are foes of good government, anarchistic and aristocratic in their spirit. They cannot always withstand a rising public indignation and popular sentiment that will compel them to reason and to justice. We do not presume to say where is justice, but civilization has found out how to arrive at what is justice.

Editorial Jottings by the Way.

The older government buildings at Washington, in their Grecian simplicity, have an abiding nobleness about them which the later buildings miss. The Army and Navy Building, for instance, though possessing the most elegant and expensive interior of all the buildings, has an exterior that is effeminate with its wall spaces broken by clusters of small and unmeaning columns. But the great Congressional Library Building, fast approaching completion, will enable the Renaissance architecture, following Italian models, to regain something of the dignity lost in the Army and Navy Building. It promises to be for a long time the noblest building in America. Ten years hence and for a century to come it will

probably be the pride of all cultivated Americans. It covers a ground space of four and a half acres. It starts with a library capacity double that of the British Museum. Stacks will soon be in place for three million volumes, while we were told the limit of the British Museum is a million and a half. This building has had the good fortune to escape the interference of Congressional committees, competitive architects and artists. It has been entrusted largely to the supervision of Government Engineer Greene, who will bring it within the limits of seven million dollars and eight years' time of building. In its various decorations and interior embellishments, the best that American art has reached, will be here represented. Our masters with brush and chisel have been and are at work for it. Mistakes there will be, crudities doubtless, but next to our White City by the Lake, this building will probably be the surprise and delight to the competent in Europe as well as in America. Our White City was a thing of staff and stucco, but this great library building in Washington will be a thing of granite and marble. Chicago's glory went up in smoke after a few months of delight. May this remain for a thousand years.

While at Washington the editor was unexpectedly called to stand with others before the Judiciary Committee of the House to make protest against the adoption of Representative Morse's resolution that would fasten upon our National Constitution pietistic cant and make it a possible instrument of dogmatic interference with mental liberty and ecclesiastical tyranny. The hearing is referred to elsewhere in this paper. Many will think that it was scarcely worth while to make protest against so impossible a scheme, but those who came to urge the amendment were neither flippant nor ignorant. They spoke as the conscious representatives of solid millions of United States citizens. If their case may never come to be tested at the ballot box, it is already on in the agitations of the public mind and the anxieties of society. Before leaving Washington, we wish to bear testimony to the strength, cordiality and what is more important, the prophetic opportunity of All Souls Church in Washington. We know not of any other place in America where the utterances of a prophetic voice will be carried so far and where there is so great an opportunity for the speaking of the true word that will effect the spiritual life of the nation and help solve the vexed perplexities of theology and the far more perplexing and important questions of sociology. This band, rejoicing in the spiritual inheritance of Channing, Emerson and Parker is doing well in its present pastorless condition. May they soon be enabled to do much better with the right man to lead.

At Baltimore the editor rejoiced in a glimpse, at short range, of the Peabody Institute, the first and still most successful people's university probably established in America; to grasp again the hand of the quiet, modest benefactor, Enoch Pratt, whom we found in the eighty-fourth year of his age, comforted and strengthened by the abundant assurance that was close at hand that his fore-thoughtful plant, the Enoch Pratt Library, was a seed which has brought forth direct fruit like unto itself in nearly every state in our union and in nearly every country in Europe and in one or two cities of Asia. But our greatest pleasure was in the

short range touch with the John Hopkins University, an institution which has heroically heeded the advice of the lamented Huxley, in his inauguration address to the trustees, "Beware of architects!" They have wisely foregone the luxuries of a costly campus which the founder put within their reach. Architectural decorations, groined arches, gabled roofs and marble halls are temptations which the management has put behind them. With simple brick, this real University has made for itself a comfortable and adequate working home in the heart of the city where it will be modified by the life outside and where in turn it may be powerfully modified by the needs and spirit of the outside.

At Philadelphia, the editor missed the earnest worker on the lines of human need, Rev. Mr. Nichols, whose removal from the Spring Garden Church is a great loss to the humanities of Philadelphia as it is a gain to the humanities of Brooklyn. At New Century Hall on Sunday morning and in the Kensington suburb in the evening, we met the workers who have joined hands with Mr. and Mrs. Salter in the difficult task of ennobling their own lives and through that nobility, ameliorate the woes of the great city and elevate its ideals. The readers of THE NEW UNITY know well the quality of Brother Salter's work, the accent of whose tones and the emphasis of whose life are still missed in Chicago.

A day for Pittsburg, incidentally to discover what a pretty city Pittsburg would be if its title to the sky could only be made clear, and what a wise, far-reaching library system the great iron king Carnegie has devised; but chiefly to get acquainted with St. John, to look in on the little Unitarian band that has at last got a foothold that will be held. If anyone wants to know how to begin to build a chapel that is sensible, hospitable to the eye and not burdensome to the pocket, let him consult this young but wise and earnest missionary.

We come back to Chicago with our pride in our city not much strengthened. Educationally, we have much yet to do in Chicago before we reach in power and quality the best work done in the great institutions of Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. We have no library that is doing as yet the work of the great Enoch Pratt Library; no people's university that is reaching the people as the Peabody University of Baltimore; no hospital to match the John Hopkins; no Plant-House that begins to compare with the great public conservatory of Pittsburg; nothing that represents in scope and comprehensiveness the potency of the Carnegie scheme of libraries for Pittsburg and vicinity. We have no such wise way of handling our dependent children and saving them as they have in Philadelphia. But we come back to THE NEW UNITY and to the tasks related therewith to work with more fortitude, patience and persistency than ever before, realizing that the task is harder than perhaps we dreamed of, knowing that fruition or culmination of that which the world calls "success" may be farther away than we have ever dreamed, yet, because our dreams are high, the goal far, there is inspiration in the work.

All great works in this world springs from the ruins
Of greater projects: ever, on our earth,
Men block out Babels to build Babylons.

—Robert Browning.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Book.

On receiving a copy of Emerson's works.

A book is all things; either it is rich,
Juicy and sweet as the tropic-nurtured fruit,
Or it is awful as the archangel's voice,
Melodious as young Spring amid the leaves,
Wild'ring as lovelight shot from drooping lids,
Thrilling as touch that lingers from the hand
We yearn to clasp and kiss, to weep upon;
Or it is like the sea-washed shore that spreads
A barren waste of sand, more desolate;
By dwarfish seagrass, like a few gray hairs
Tufting a bald crown.
Such have I read while the great eye
That warms the old Earth's heart with love-looks rolled
Through noon's fierce hours and languished in the eve,
Until it closed in slumber;
A Book's a throne, a Kingdom and a world;
The author King, soul, maker, all in one!
And he whose crown is set with richest gems
(Thought jewels) is the monarch whose behests
We follow as a river its old course.
I love a book that stirs the life-waves deep
As lightning clouds, veining them all with fire.
A power that takes the soul as by the hand,
Leading where'er it wills,—
A book that sends the tears to seek each other down the
cheek;
Or ices o'er the blood until it sleeps,
A serpent cold and still, within the veins;
Or as a winged sound, that lifts the heart
Until it touches Heaven;
A lay
That smoothes the wrinkles from the knitted brow,
As white hand gliding down the tangled hair,
Softens and brightens every wayward tress.
Some books there are to read when company
Grows dull and rapid; others that may do
To dot an hour with gold which else were dull,
Or touched with Folly's crayon.
There are books which I would read to only one or two.
In the still night, when stars come one by one
To match the thoughts that glow upon the page.
Low-voiced and reverently as footsteps glide
Among the graves, fearing lest they o'erstep—
A sleeping martyr there; books I would hear
Only from lips I love, thrilling to see
Reflections from the thoughts within my soul,
While Fancy has the rein as she goes flying
To seek new worlds in Mind's unbounded realms,
While Poesy's smooth numbers fall like pearls
Upon the heart's hushed floor.
But cease,—
Poor pen, thy tracery.
I've such a book
Lying before me like a new-found treasure
I've longed to hold. Hail, welcome Book!
Hasten to shut the door of memory,
That no pale shade or sorrow enter here.
The future shall be nothing to my soul!
I'll live the present only—
I'll live thee!
I will forget myself, the world and death
In rapt possession of this golden isle,
Set like a gem in Thought's empurpled sea.

Helen Hinsdale Rich.

O. B. Frothingham.

Dear UNITY:—I lately read a sermon delivered by Rev. M. J. Savage, some while since upon Mr. O. B. Frothingham, then just deceased. That reading has quickened within me a purpose I had some time held, to write out a brief reminiscence in this connection which will be new to many, and may be of interest to all.

Mr. Savage remarks that he never heard Mr. Frothingham preach. I heard him once, once only, and that must have been nearly twenty years ago. I think it was in the year 1877, possibly 1878. Some Free Religious Convention had been held in the West—in Detroit for one place as I remember—and Mr. Frothingham

was to be passing through this city on his way homeward. An arrangement was effected whereby he should be secured to spend a Sunday here, and preach. He was to occupy the pulpit of the Independent Church, of which Rev. Mr. Mundy was then the pastor. The hour of his arrival was late, very late, Saturday night; he was disappointed about finding the house of the host whose guest he was to be, and only at a time nearing the morning was he able to betake himself to a bed in the hotel to which he was driven. Unfortunately, his room was right beside the tracks of the New York Central Railroad, and the passing of the trains all the night long directly beneath his windows allowed him no opportunity for sleep. Thoroughly fatigued by the week of hard work and deprived so completely of the needed rest, he was as fully disqualified and unfitted as anything in physical condition could do that, for the labors of the day. He afterward said, referring in conversation with a friend to that service which he held in the morning, that he worked on his nerve that day. But there was no trace of the fatigued or jaded condition in the discourse.

The text, drawn from the Apocrypha, was this: "As gold tried in the fire, so is the accepted man in the furnace of affliction." The preacher began, as was natural, by describing the process through which the grains or tiniest particles of the precious metal are separated from the baser ores, rock, etc., in which they lie imbedded, as found in nature. The operation of separating, liberating and purifying is tedious, costly, severe, involving elaborate and complex processes of treatment ere the desired result can be reached. And in some instances the gold will all be dissipated and lost in the endeavor to extract it; it disappears in the milling, or sifting, or smelting. But some, much, indeed, will repay the treatment under a good operator, will show at the end a product approximating to what was found by original analysis to be present in the sample rock that was tested by a chemist.

From this he illustrated with a master's skill and impressiveness the effect of trial, the stern disciplines of life in developing and bringing out characters. He held before us the ideals of truth, the claim of the supreme allegiance, more commending, more authoritative than any standard set up from without, any book, utterance or claim of person. He spoke of the beautiful effects upon the soul of learning the lesson of self-trust, accustoming itself to stand alone and walk forth upon the paths of life without leaning for its support and direction upon models and masters. The soul is its own witness; in looking to and following the light that shines in its own being is worship and blessings of highest life.

He spoke of the foes that beset, so subtle, various, powerful; the bribes, solicitations, held out in society, in all the numerous relations to business, to affairs, to social companionships, ties of church, etc., all seeking to allure and draw down the man from his single and supreme allegiance. He had seen and felt them in his own sphere, in the circle of his activities in the great city; had marked the hard and unending struggle it cost to hold fast the unswerving fealty, with the tried and select men and women who, at heavy and constant sacrifice, had gathered round and stood with him, and with a great impressiveness and power, such as within the writer's observation was never excelled, he told of the crown of the spirit's victory, the assured conquest, possession and peace within, that he was able to read in the faces of those who had bravely stood and maintained their integrity, unsullied amid the whelming besetment of temptations to yield and to swerve, through which day by day they had perpetually passed.

It was a grand, glorious inspiration that came from those lips as he conducted us beyond testaments, beyond Christs to that sovereign altar of truth and excellence which was inviting to the soul, and higher, infinitely more than all beside, both commanding and wooing the mind to its deepest, inmost worship. I think it doubtful that Mr. Frothingham, in his happiest

moments, ever excelled—I may not say he ever equaled, as my opportunities did not permit me to hear him in the pulpit on other occasions—the happy insight and the touching eloquence of this hour. The effect was electric. The large audience—for the little church was this time thoroughly filled—was taken hold of and swayed as by the hand of a master. Together we were caught up into the realm of principles. We were brought to feel vividly to see how empty, unworthy, mean, the life led on any plane less exalted than that of the austere, commanding ideal. We should feel ashamed of ourselves henceforth were we to do, or consent to think of doing for a moment, aught that might fall below the great requirement. And on the affirmative side we were made to see how the nobler and the better has transmuting, talismanic power, how it can and it does transfigure all of circumstance or condition, however unfortunate or unfriendly it seem, into beauty and fountain constant of joy.

There was no fervor, no heat, no glow, in the utterance. But there was deep transparent earnestness, power of inner supreme conviction, that carries the weight of commanding authority in every word. It was speech of the innermost of the soul, that reached the inner and inmost in the consciousness of those that heard. We were ready to exclaim, Steep us in these influences, so that we become saturated with their presence. Evermore give us this bread. This was the clear certificate of Mr. Frothingham's power. Whatever his coldness by temperament, his daintiness and exclusiveness of the man, inborn doubtless and inherited, from we know not how many ancestors, and therefore his failure, perhaps, to reach the multitudes who long in their teacher to find a beating sympathy, an expressed fellow feeling and participation in their pleasures and sorrows, we were shown plainly that he had a heart that throbbed close to the heart of the universal truth and love, that his soul knew the fire-baptism of a great dedication. He saw where others groped; he resolved and did where others meditated, hesitated and timidly shrank back. And the world only reveres the man, who, uniting courage with conduct, greatly and nobly dares.

President White, then of Cornell University, was present, and he seemed greatly interested and profoundly impressed by this masterful presentation of the most radical thought in religion. He came forward at the close with hearty greeting, and invited him to the hospitality of his home for the needed quiet and rest. This, Mr. Frothingham was, under necessity, to decline.

It appears that he did not preach after his withdrawal from the pulpit he had so long and ably filled in New York, in 1879. Wearied and broken in health, he betook himself to journeying, change of scene, etc., for the rest for many years so imperatively required and so continuously withheld. Some thought he had receded from the attitude he had so long and so faithfully held; a considerable number inclined to the view that he had essentially changed and was now returning to the beliefs under which he had been reared, but had so decisively left behind. Several years ago I heard an eminent orthodox divine of Boston declare to a large congregation in this city the gratifying intelligence that this man so well born, so superiorly trained, and so richly gifted, who had done so persistently all that lay in his power to impair and destroy the faith of others in the doctrine of the true and saving religion, had now apparently bethought himself, and was returning, it was believed, had returned, if not to his Father's house, at least to the house, the home of his fathers. It was matter for much congratulation, this.

But it is grateful to us to know that the light that had illumed his path continued still to shine, that he remained the same earnest and pronounced protestant, witnessing as opportunity offered for the largest faith of the free mind. He had not wandered from home,

now in age seeking to retrace his steps and get back into the comfortable beliefs of an indolent and artificial religion; he had advanced much beyond the Ultima-Thule of the ancestors that had gone before, and never again could be taken with what the old and outgrown faiths had to offer. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, for him. True, his mind had doubtless ripened, became more catholic, large and inclusive in its thought. He perceived the meaning and the worth more fully of the historic, and also of the present in the world of religious faith. He felt, as I doubt not that here was prophesy, more or less dim, rude, unconscious, of what the coming faith is to interpret, is to consummate and fulfill. What he foresaw and foretold, our age is beginning more and more clearly to see. The prediction hastens, speeds on day by day to its great accomplishment.

I cannot doubt that Mr. Savage is right in regard to the attitude of Mr. Frothingham's mind in the more recent years. "He has never retracted any of his opinions. He has grown more radical from day to day, the longer he has lived." His eye had been so touched with the vision of the illimitable truth, that he could not forget or disown the glory that had been revealed to him. In the impairment and enfeeblement of his physical powers he said little, but his path continued as the shining light which shineth more and more to the perfect day.

Well done, brother! Thou hast witnessed a brave confession. Thou hast fought the good fight. Thou hast kept the faith. Thou hast beckoned onward, hast blazed the way in the depths of the immense forest, that the eyes that follow may more clearly see, and the coming feet more surely tread along the rugged path. Thou hast nobly dared, and wrought and won. Henceforth the crown is thine. The wreath of the immortal conquest is bound, forever bound, upon thy victor-brow.

CHARLES DE B. MILLS.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 11, 1896.

Outward Adorning.

We do not know the peculiar temptations of those women who lived in Paul's day, relative to that which was devised for bodily adornment, nor the strength of their characters, or whether they had been trained to use moderately their inborn love of the beautiful; but we can believe that Paul's judgment was sound, when he counseled against so much "outward adorning," and advised the "incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit." The latter can exist even with what seems to the observer too much of outward show, but the experience of many ages has proven this to be the exception rather than the rule.

It is certainly true now, that a testimony to moderation in dress is sorely needed to be strongly impressed, when one views the tempting displays that each season brings to those who love the artistic. If, as William Penn said, man is created "an holy, wise, sober, grave, and reasonable creature, fit to govern himself and the world," and we think that this must be equally true of woman, we need not be so concerned over the temptations that art has produced to attract her inherent love of beauty. But while this is true in the abstract, we know that such equipment is not the gift of all women. When we see amid the artistic designs for adornment, that crime in the shape of cruelty to birds and animals figures so largely, we feel that along with training to moderation, must come the vigorous protest against needlessly destroying life for the sake of gain. And that gain to come from women whose consciences should be so tender that their eyes could not endure to see the birds, the wings, or the plumes that signify death, as part of their adorning.

We can but mourn to see women of mature years, and otherwise modest in their apparel, wearing the delicate plumes of the "aigrette." It is well known that

the presence of this ornament means death to this beautiful bird, and that this particular species of bird is fast becoming extinct on account of the demand for its plumes.

So many lovely and lovable gifts have been bestowed upon woman, gifts of mind and spirit, that she needs not for embellishment that which God hath lavished upon his humbler creatures. Created to rule these, if she rules herself, she certainly will not have them destroyed for this needless service. Therefore, let her choose, if she must, from all the display of richness and beauty in silk and flowers, that which is modest and savors not of cruelty, that her attractions may be in accord with those spoken of by the great apostle who so fearlessly proclaimed the truths of God and his Christ.—*Friend's Intelligencer and Journal*.

Mayor Pingree's "Potato Patch Mission" Spreads.

The Omaha garden enterprise, for the unemployed and the poor, which was commenced during April last, and which was carried out by the Agricultural Commission and the Associated Charities, considering that it was a first trial and a dry season, resulted in a success which encourages a continuation and extension of the plan for the coming season. Five hundred and seventy-one families made application for garden plots, of which number 283 were provided with seed potatoes and small seeds, and 288 families with small seeds only, they providing their own seed potatoes. Thirty families never cultivated their gardens nor planted their seeds. About four hundred acres were cultivated in plots of from one-half to one acre each, a few having a little more.

The outlay to the County Commissioners (who donated 400 bushels of seed potatoes), Agricultural Commission and Associated Charities was \$1,150, and the result was as follows: Potatoes, 14,760 bushels; cabbages, 1,406 dozen; beets, 855 bushels; beans, 510 bushels; onions, 581 bushels; turnips, 457 bushels; peas, 34 bushels; cucumbers, 149 bushels; corn, 875 bushels; carrots, 312 bushels, besides a quantity of melons, lettuce and radishes, the estimated value of all being \$7,200.

Dreams, visions, tongues of fire, signs and wonders are but phenomenal; real or unreal, or however understood, is not so important. The essential fact is man is not shut up to a sense life. He is a spirit, and can and does have conscious communion with God. It is a narrow view that limits the mercies and power of God to special religious experiences, to the church, the Sabbath, and the forms of worship. Science is as truly a revelation of God as is the Bible, only in another form. Those who stand at the gates of nature and seek and find and bring forth his great truths and powers to bless a world are worshipping at the altars of the most high.—Dr. Thomas.

One's character or moral worth should be measured by the numbers and stubbornness of his enemies. The truer and braver a man, the more certain he is of opposition, and opposition is the crucible which separates substance from mere show. Our enemies provoke us to a greater energy, and a more sleepless vigil; they help to cure us of overconfidence and conceit, and by exaggerating our faults they make us more scrupulously careful of our speech and conduct. By spreading evil reports of us they give us an opportunity to fight and win the greatest battles of life—that of overcoming evil with good. An enemy is like a watch dog which, by keeping up an incessant barking, gives us no chance to forget ourselves or to drift into ways of carelessness. Our enemies increase the sweetness of our friends.—M. M. Mangasarian.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

What Is Spirituality?

Desire spiritual gifts.—First Corinthians xiv: 1.

A sermon preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In the companion sermon, "What is materialism?" I tried to show that that question reaches down and back into the roots of being, where the known is ever buried in the unknown and all the measured experiences of man are lost in the immeasurable verity. Now we turn to the question, "What is Spirituality?" It is well to avoid useless discussion and philosophical subtleties. We must start, as we did before, with the fact that at this end of the line the universe presents itself as matter and mind. What these may be in essence no one can tell. We concern ourselves with their inter-relations and mutual dependence, the common flow of one into the other, and the common source of both in the infinite mystery that lies back of each. We stand in sacred awe in the presence of each. Both are parts of the seamless robe, both are revelations of the infinite. One stands in space, the other in thought. One is a thing of dimensions, of breadth and lengths, of weight, an object of sensation. The other is a thing of hope, love, resistance, thought. Matter grows less by subdivision, mind grows by renunciation, expands when it imparts. Mind, soul, spirit, are different names for the one something that uses body. It is that which measures but cannot be measured, weighs but has no weight. As an old philosopher said, "Mind is that which moves, body is that which is moved."

May we not venture then to say that our spirituality, whatever it is, is measured by our power to think, our capacity to feel, our strength of will? To increase this is to increase our spirituality. What is it? It is the gift of reason, of love, it is the sense of right, the power of sympathy, the growth of conscience. It is the gift of will. He is most spiritual who sits securely in the saddle and rides upon things, making matter his obedient horse. It is something more than, and oftentimes something different, from that which is too often taken for spirituality, a hazy, haunting sense of the far-off and the untried, a longing for death, an expectation of remote ecstasy, a passive reclining upon the heavenly couches of the hereafter, a hunger for some other world, an expectation of seeing God under some different conditions than those which now exist. These are spiritual experiences, but they do not indicate the essentials of soul life. They are but the beginnings of that potency which in its nobler development, finds far-off dreams in things near, discovers the supposed glories of the next world in this, and finds life a gateway to the ecstasies which once were supposed to be reached only through the lowly gateway of death. There is a peering habit of the soul, a curious peeping through "gates ajar," a passion for bloodless spirits dressed in gossamer, playing celestial harps, such as Mrs. Phelps described long ago in her "Gates Ajar," and this some call "spirituality." It is the nature of spirit to expect, but it is also the nature of spirit to use, and it is higher spirituality to make all the earthly passions blessed servants of love. Better use matter than shrink from the struggle with matter. It is the province of spirit to float the ships of thought upon the red rivers that course through our veins, to send holy cargoes of love upon the high tides of the heart. It is spirit that disciplines wayward fingers, makes instinct with harmony the bones and sinews by submitting them to long years of drill. Through repeated failures it may at length evoke celestial harmonies from the strings of a terrestrial violin. It takes more spirit to do

this than to imagine celestial pianos played upon by angels. Even I can sing in imagination, I can dream of leading an orchestra in heaven, of waving an ivory baton with power, but I have not spirituality enough to pitch the "Old Hundred" in the body, or sing it alone. I have not mastered matters enough to strike a single chord on the organ; I am a spiritual slave to that which has been and can be enslaved by spirit.

He then is most spiritual who is master of most forces, who can rise superior to most obstacles, can vanquish the most enemies of the inner life, who has greatest dominion over matter. The old Scandinavians were groping after a profound truth in the superstition that the strength of every vanquished foe passed into the conquerer. The spirit does gain strength by that which it over-comes. The pure in heart see God, not in heaven but on earth. They penetrate the veil and God bursts into view in flower and fruit, his face is in the radiance of the daylight, his majesty is revealed in the star-lit spaces of the night. The pure in heart see God in his glory riding upon the storm and feel his "peace that passeth all understanding," quieting the quivering heart, bringing smiles out of tears, peopling the deepest solitudes. To believe that God once wrought upon this wondrous frame of nature was a movement of spirit altogether noble, but to discover that power still working in creation, the creating hand now moulding chaos into cosmos, to read the unending genesis of life to-day, like Isaac Newton and Charles Darwin, is to attain a spirituality compared with which the timid faith of the ecclesiastic in the first chapter of Genesis is as the flitting of the sparrow to the flight of the eagle.

Our spirituality then is our totality of life, everything that cannot be expressed in terms of matter. Eliminate that which has dimensions, that which is related to space, let fire burn all that it will, subtract all that is perishable, and we have spirit left, the dimensions of which are determined only by the power of thought, the depth of feeling, the tenderness of sympathy, the nobility of conscience and strength of will.

How, then, are we to increase our spirituality? First we must increase our power of thought. If matter is to be driven in our service, reason must hold the reins. Oh, soul, if the so-called "religious meetings," if song, prayer and sermon fail to nourish your spirit, if they are wanting in soul life to you, turn to a problem in algebra and thereby gain some sense of a power within. Better let the multiplication table and the rule of three minister to the inponderable life than distrust reason or disparage judgment. The power to think is a power of the spirit. Without thought men degenerate into brutes and women into butterflies; without thought heaven would be intolerable. Granting the privileges of untrammelled thought, hell itself would swarm with investigators. The thinker is God's representative on earth. What triumphs has not thinking granted to spirit?

Not to mention the mind's lower triumph over obstinate ores, sterile soil, elastic vapors and flashing lightning, though no man can estimate the refining power of these triumphs, who can tell the spiritualizing influences generated by high thought? The love of truth, the thirst of the intellect, have lifted man above his physical wants and made him independent of material surroundings and physical comfort. "I have no time to make money," said Agassiz. "I have no need of fire," says the astronomer in the midnight solitude of the observatory, "if I can only place a satellite." And so he sits there in the midnight solitude of the mid-winter cold, trailing his camera over that speck in space from four to six hours at a time, while substance, unrevealed to human eye through the greatest telescope, reveals itself on the sensitive plate behind the lens. "What care I for body or its life when truth is at stake?" ask the countless martyrs of the world. Let him who would be spiritually minded learn to think. If you would seek after spiritual gifts, magnify your reason. The most

spiritual cry to-day is that which calls upon men to give their heads to God. We have had too much spiritual decapitation at the altars of religion. The mourners' benches have been crowded with trembling penitents who have "carried their hearts to Jesus," as the phrase goes, but having forgotten to bring their heads along, their offerings have been of little use to themselves or to others. "Judge for yourself what is right." "Can ye not discover the signs of the times?" is the demand of religion to-day, as in the time of Jesus. The most unspiritual man in the fields of religion to-day is the man whose intellect is either cowardly or lazy, and the church that least honors thought, imperfect fallible human thought, is the church which will eventually find itself farthest away from God. In the interest of spirituality let us canonize the thinker. Let us remember Emerson's saying, "The devil trembles when God lets loose a thinker." To refuse to reason is to refuse to commune with the spirit of the universe. To distrust the reasoner or to fail to honor his reasoning is to turn our back on God, the great Reasoner of the universe. Order is God's method and reason is the process of discovering that order.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

says Mrs. Browning.

The thinker's life, sooner or later becomes "embossed in beauty," as Emerson well says.

If you would increase your spirituality, increase your power of love, seek earnestly the gift of love. To love anything or anybody is so far to love God, for he is Love. The love of the Infinite is in the heart that has a tenderness for flower, beast or child. Highest of all is the love that makes holy chains out of the silken cords which bind together the hearts of men and women. It takes a great soul to be a great lover. The only way to increase the joys of love is to expand the power of the spirit. These joys are fed from the great fountains of the unmaterial. Without these, outreaching love will falter and the warmest hearts grow cold. If you would increase your spirituality, fortify the love of the one with the love of the many and verify the love of the many with the love of the one. He who puts reason into his heart as well as heart into his reason will realize with the poet that "love is the only good in the world," because the mighty forces of love flow through the sluice gates of feeling. By this flow are the wheels of life turned. Put love out of the world and the locomotives on all our railroads would cease puffing, the spindles of the world would soon become silent, our words would freeze upon our lips, and our spirit, like the moon, would become a cold, dead planet without atmosphere. I am not thinking of the exceptional and the magnificent manifestations of love which may seem beyond our reach. I mean something vastly more humble, more universal. I mean the love expressed in the humble kisses and the daily kindnesses. I mean those loves whose only witnesses are the messengers out of unnoticed eyes, the record of which is written only in the subtle palmistry of obscure hands. I mean the nunneries of plain women's hearts, the sacred monasteries of plodding men's loyalties. I mean the unwinged, and alas, oftentimes unwashed angels of the fireside, the seraphic hosts that swarm in peasant's homes and miner's huts. And when I mean this I am thinking of that which is akin to the love that has given freedom to manacled slaves and potency to flags, the love which has built nations, transfigured God's great bards and reached the divine outpouring of love on Calvary. From the love of the little girl that shelters her kitten from rudeness up to the great heart of Buddha, and the divine love of Jesus, there is no break. It is loving all the way. And loving is an expression of spiritual power. He who would increase his spirituality must love more. Well does Emerson say, "A believing love

will relieve us of a vast load of care." Where this exists, spirituality will not turn back in the face of obstacles and will not be discouraged by hopes deferred, but will persist unflinchingly through bitterest failure, until it touches divinest peace. How groundless then are the apprehensions of those who fear that God will suffer neglect at the hands of the loving, that fellowship may somehow dull the spiritual sensibilities of men. Is spirit to be degraded by the implication that it is subject to the laws of matter and that like steam it must be curbed and confined before it can be potent? Will they tell you that there must be a limit somewhere to your love, a fence of some kind to protect your spirituality? "Love for all mankind?" Yes, you answer, but love with an organizing hesitation, a theological implication, a sectarian limit somewhere, in order that you may be more sure of the spirituality of your religion. "Love," you say, "is all right, but there is something more." Yes, so there is, and that something more is more love. If it is something else, then it is God with a plus. My God is the sum of all plusses.

To increase our spirituality, let us again earnestly seek the gifts of conscience, enlarge our sense of justice, distrust all interpretations or exemplifications of spirituality that do not blossom into prophecy. That is a small spirit which has no hunger for reform; that is a weak soul which has no indignation in the presence of injustice. A petty soul alone can live complacently in the presence of mean things and be content either to stay in or to leave a world where meanness is tolerated, where cruel wrongs go unrighted. What mean all these dreams of things beyond the gates, these visions of little pilgrims finding perfection in some becalmed atmosphere over there? Why, it is the baby soul, dreaming of things as they ought to be, on its way to the matured spirit that will fight for the things which ought to be and seek to establish them on this side of the gate, the spirit that will undertake to realize here what seems to be there. I yield to no man in the boundlessness of my expectations. I dare put no limit to the things that may be. I can conceive of no end to the human soul. The immortality of the spirit, in some fashion or other, in some higher fashion than I can conceive, is as fixed a certainty to my mind as the immortality of God, the infinity of the universe, the endlessness of time. But I distrust this spirituality that is so impatient to go to heaven. I am inclined to think it will not find a heaven to its liking when it gets there. The spirit has not reached the higher realms of life, the realms of conscience, else it would be loath to die while there is an uncared for babe in the world, while there is an awkward boy unmothered, a woman's heart unfed, a man's mind that is starved in the world. I distrust a spirituality that is, as we sometimes say in our complimenting phrase, "too good to live," that "cannot stand the hard world," "so sensitive that it needs translation." If these phrases are true, it is because the sufferer has too little, not too much spirituality. The tendrils of the soul are not toughened for the higher exigencies of life, they are sprouts of a summer day that cannot resist the tempering storms of winter. It is not too much purity or too much rectitude that causes the recoil from the want and filth and wickedness of the world, but it is spiritual blindness, the want of the vision which enables great souls to see "through the troubled surface of crime a depth of purity immovable." Conscience makes penetrating the judgment which believes that

"Where all seems turbidest
There is an inlet to the calm beneath."

And so they are anxious to stay in the world, knowing that its "realities are more hopeful than its seemings." The highest thought of God possible to man is the thought of the all triumphing God, and the highest service to render him is to do right, the divinest ritual is helpfulness, the most sacred worship is the worship that is transformable into character.

This lands us at our final help to spirituality. The highest gift to be earnestly sought is the power of resistance, the strength of will which, spite of all subtleties of metaphysics, is a force that withstands and sometimes triumphs over opposition and in that triumph finds the erectness that can declare, "I am a soul, a living spirit; I am matter housed, matter served, but not matter ridden." Then the passions that link the self to matter become roots that nourish the spiritual tree, and "soul," to use another phrase of Emerson, "ensouls all the body." Given thought, love, conscience, without the stalwart will to convert them into conduct, to translate them into deeds, you fall short of spiritual power. Indeed, no high thought is ever attained without a tremendous will back of it, spurring the intellect on, holding it year by year to its heavenly quest. The same may be said of love. It takes a strong will even to woo and win a worthy lady. How much stronger must be the will to keep the home life up to honeymoon standards, to persist through doubts and discouragement, to seek beauty in things ugly, to compel the world to yield spiritual sunshine however clouds may encumber, to enable one to follow Carlyle's suggestion of "manufacturing one's own climate" though the terrestrial climate be as damp and bad as that of London in winter time. Highest of all, the will is the crowning part of spirit. Without it conscience is powerless and duty is a terror. The man who does anything by clear grit has taken steps toward making a saint of himself. Any triumph of will is a direct contribution to the spiritual power of the world. Who can estimate how much the boundaries of spirit have been enlarged by the long toilsome efforts of men to make India rubber hard, glass malleable, to construct an air navigating ship or a motor-cycle in which one can ride without a horse? In our indolence we peer through the "gates ajar." In our activity we pass inside, we are beyond the gates, we become children of light, we have joined the celestial band. Radiant is the road upon which the doing soul travels. Every now and then the artists break through and discover this truth. The higher art more and more recognizes that spiritual potency is within the soul itself and that the walls of its inspiration rise from inner depths instead of streaming from remote spaces above. Guido Reni's much admired "Mater Dolorosa" turns her grief-shadowed face upward, her eyes are rolled skyward, and there streams from above an abundant radiance that transforms sorrow into beauty. This is well. But better is that self-centered, thought-molded face in Carlo Dolce's "Mother of Grief," whose noble face droops reflectively and the firm hand gathers her mantle closely about her as she listens to the God within. He sustains her noble self-control though the unbidden tear courses down the cheek. This picture represents a soul large enough to carry grief, strong enough to bear pain, a will divine enough to overcome and hold its regnant position. So I love Carlo Dolce's "Mater Dolorosa" best. Not to cast an accent of disrespect upon Raphael's great "Mother Queen," grateful for its unmeasured power to awaken spirit, I still remember with measureless comfort a sweet, homely, tearful face in a little picture by one of the old Dutch masters which I once saw in the English gallery, where the commonplace face of a Dutch peasant woman with eyes reddened by much weeping was bearing it all, carrying the whole conscious burden of sorrow with an inward fortitude that almost broke through the tear-stains into a greeting; a smile haunted the corners of the quivering mouth. She, too, was a Madonna representing a profound spirituality. Rubens painted a Daniel in the lions' den which contributed to his fame—a half naked figure lolling listlessly and complacently upon the rocks, the lions scattered around almost as listlessly; Daniel's eyes are rolled heavenward, and he trusts some powers from above to close the jaws of the lions. He

represents the familiar type of spirituality, but how inane and unspiritual after having looked at Reviere's great picture, where Daniel stands with arms pinioned behind him and from under his pent eyebrows meets the hungry glare of the snarling pack of brutes with an eye so commanding and a presence so imperial that the lions squat and growl in cowardly hesitation. The artist has given us not much to see of Daniel except that mighty backbone, but that is enough. There is more spirituality in that spinal column than in all the face and attitude of Rubens' picture. Who has not turned with relief from the soft, feminine, nerveless face which the old masters delight to give to Jesus, to the stalwart, fraud-intimidating, sham-seeing man of this world and man of deeds that Munkacsy has put into his figure before Pilate.

But why tarry with ideal creations of art? Commend to me as a type of spirituality good old Grandmother King, a rugged, rough-molded Irish woman of my boyish home, who, in the face of a snow storm that kept the men from coming home to feed the horse at noon, said, "The poor horse must have his oats, however, though it may shorten my life." The horse did get his oats spite of drifts, and a few days later repaid the service by drawing the lifeless body of the grand old lady over the drifts she had braved and which had shortened her life. I call that spiritual force, promise of a high spirituality, that enables the child under the surgeon's hand to say, "I can stand it, you can pull," that the broken bone may be adjusted. Not the high thinkers or noble poets, not Fenelon or Channing stand supreme among the spiritual forces of the world, but John Howard, Florence Nightingale and their kind. Plain prosaic George Washington represents to my mind a spiritual force greater than any poet or preacher of his age, because for seven years he wrestled with unrelenting circumstances, missing, perhaps, the help of an enthusiastic temperament, at times without the sustaining power of a great faith even in the ultimate triumph of that he struggled for, but obedient to the hard, dry light of duty, his purposes never weakened, his energy never abated. The praying Stonewall Jackson who fought his amens to his devotions represented a sublime spiritual force, as did the blunt, rustic, and at times terrific Mother Bickerdyke, who, with flaming bandanna around her head, striped gingham dress tucked well under her apron strings, arms akimbo, wheeled into coherent efficiency a motley crowd of contrabands, commanded recognition among the belaced young surgeons who began by sneering at her, then came to fear and at last to revere her. She was a type of a splendid spiritual power as now she defied and again commanded generals. She who, with no honor, pay or fame back of her or before her, rose superior to red tape, and like Herakles grappled with death and vanquished him, not once, but many and many times all for love's sake, all for duty's sake. Here is a splendid manifestation of the power of mind over matter.

Would we become spiritually minded? Then let us seek the gifts of thought, feeling, conscience, will.

But in this enumeration I have been dividing the indivisible, separating in thought what is inseparable in fact. Matter may be dismembered, dissected, bottled or pigeon-holed and labeled, but spirit will not lend itself to such analysis. The thinking soul is the loving soul, the loving soul is the dutiful one, and duty is executive. Reason, love, conscience, will, are inadequate names of the nameless power, the depths of whose reality, the heights of whose sublimity are found in the lowest tear-stained sinner reaching to Calvary, and wherever we find them we are in the holy presence. Spirituality is life *in* God, not *for* God. Let us seek the life of God, not *with* God. Spiritual faith is trust in these realities. Religion is reverence for the divine immanence. Let us uncover in worshipful awe in the presence of this mystic potency that dares take upon

its lips the God-like confession: "I THINK! I LOVE, I OUGHT AND I WILL." The measure of our spirituality is the measure of ourselves. If the world seems coarse, it is we that are too crude to discover the fine texture of God's own spirit, running as the warp in every fabric into which the human soul has worked the woof. If we are tired of the dissonance and the strife and are tempted to sing our homesick songs for heaven, it is because of our carnality and not our spirituality. The soul has not penetration enough to feel the harmony under the discord. Our ears are not sensitive enough to catch the melody in the dissonance, else we would know

"That within the deep infernal there's a depth that's deeper still."

Oh, there are profound realities represented by spirit and sought by it. If we try to ignore them in philosophy or defy them in morals and steel our speech with indifference and irreverence, we disgrace the clod we claim to be. All life must ultimately be mellowed with reverence, hallowed with a sense of sanctity, inspired with consciousness of divinity. To overlook these is to fail to see to what fine issues our efforts tend, fail to understand what transcendent fineness morality lands in; what gulfs of awful feeling the red rivers of our blood empty into. There is no charm in the words "spirit," "spirituality" and "God" that will necessarily weigh down the grossness and the cruelty of life. Witness the heavy lives of pretending saints, the selfish outcome of would-be pious souls. Neither are there any essential laden weights in the words "matter" and "materialism" that will necessarily clip the aspiring wings of the soul. Let us not entangle ourselves in phrases. Let us not quarrel about the words "matter" and "spirit" as long as we cannot define either, but let us seek the blessed life of the spirit, reach after the reality that proves its presence in the holiness of helpfulness. This lands us at the essence of all spiritual faith. I grant you all your words and you may deny me all mine if you will, and still we are safe in the thought of Emerson that "all the devils, whatever they may be, respect virtue." Pretension never wrote an Iliad, never drove back a Xerxes, never Christianized a Europe, never abolished slavery. There is a spirituality that is painfully material. There is a materialism that is hopefully spiritual. The world is finding a profound faith which rests in the thought that in all the cosmic play of atoms, the decay of dynasties and the pomp of nations, spite of the cruelties of greed, the corruptions of government and the degradations of toil, there is an essence that abides forever, which essence ever tends to thought, love, duty. Even what Leigh Hunt calls "that rough working toward the good which men call evil," makes its ultimate contribution to holiness. It must sooner or later swing its forces into line, for whether we say matter *or* spirit, or matter *and* spirit, either or both, the universe is hospitable to moral excellence, it makes for kindness, it is instinct with love. Even now in the high chambers of being there is

"That

Which does not bid a living thing despair,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven."

I believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a value, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, truly seen, its tide is one,—Emerson.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Nothing doth so much keep men out of the church and drive men out of the church as breach of unity.

MON.—In procuring religious unity, men must beware that they do not dissolve and deface the laws of charity and of human society.

TUES.—Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

WED.—There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little.

THURS.—Friendship maketh daylight in the understanding.

FRI.—The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.

SAT.—Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them.

Bacon.

A Blessed Vision.

I had a vision—call it what you will:—
A sickness came, and laid me low.
And though for days, my frame was wracked with pain,
It seemed as if some loving hand had brought me there
And said: "Rest, tired child."
For, worn and weary with the stress of life,
My heart had longed to know
If, in the vast expanse of this great universe,
There could be one, who loveth as a father loves,
And pitieth his children when they fail.
And now, as if in answer to my cry,
There came a peace and comfort to my soul
That words cannot define.
The tangled mass of human wrongs,
As if by magic, cleared away,
And vexing questions old and worn,
Found answer swift and true.
Had I been wronged? I saw
How earthly loves, which we so long
To have, and keep the same forever more,
Might mix and blend in one Eternal whole,
Till all we see, and feel, and know
Is harmony and love.
And round about and over all
Was such a tender, loving care,
I could not doubt the presence of a faithful friend.
How trifling seemed the things
Which once annoyed.
So when at last I rose, reluctant, from my bed
To duty, and to battle with the world,
I went with faith more firm,
Believing, while we cannot see the end,
And do not know the why for all,
Yet trusting, we can surely say:—
"He doeth all things well."

Della M. Bishop.

Child Life in Syria.

The little Syrian baby, on its first advent, is, if it be a boy, received with a warm welcome, and the birth is announced to the father with delight. The child is from the first called the arees ("bridegroom") or aroos ("bride"). It is very singular how, from the first day of a child's life, this idea of its future marriage is present. Betrothals have even been arranged on the day of its birth, and marriages, though not now so early as in former years, have frequently taken place at the age of fourteen or fifteen on the part of the boy, and ten or eleven on the part of the girl. Little girls are far less welcome than boys, and, in some cases when a man has been asked as to the number of his children, he has failed to enumerate his daughters.

When a boy is born, bowls of "mugleh" are sent to all the friends and neighbors. This very palatable dish is composed of pounded rice, boiled, sweetened, and seasoned with cinnamon, caraway, or coriander seed. On the surface are scattered almonds and other nuts.

The care of the infant at its birth is marked by some peculiarities. Salt is applied to the body, either in the water in which it is washed, or it is placed in a rag which is moistened and the skin sopped with this. Sometimes, I believe, the child is rubbed with salt. This salting is considered quite essential to growth and strength. There is a reference to this custom in the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, where Jerusalem in her abasement and wretchedness is compared to a neglected infant unsalted and unswaddled. I was told by a young Syrian physician, who had been long enough in America to understand the meaning of some of our college expressions, that in Syria when a youth was thought rather "fresh," they said that he had "never been salted." Oil is also frequently used, and a powder made of pounded myrtle leaves. The little one is placed on a square of cloth, which is wrapped about it, and then a bandage wound round and round the form, keeping every limb motionless. It is thought that this prevents dislocation or injury to the soft little body. The eyelids are blackened along the edge with kohl. A cap, with perhaps a blue bead to keep off the evil eye, surmounts the funny mummy-like little bundle. This strange superstition of the evil eye has great influence, and there are various incantations used to break its power. The glance of a blue eye is considered especially dangerous. There are many nursery rhymes in the Arabic referring to this and other superstitions. A low, solid wooden cradle is common, with a bar across the top from one end to the other. The usual way of carrying children, as they grow larger, is astride the shoulder, the little one holding on to the mother's head. Sometimes they are slung across the back. Mothers-love is strong in the heart of the Syrian and Arab woman, though often passionately and ignorantly expressed.

The play period of a child's life in the East is brief, for the burdens of existence come early. Almost as soon as a little girl can toddle, she carries a tiny jar on her shoulder to bring water from the fountain; and before her strength is equal to the task she lugs around on her back a younger brother or sister, and brings thorns or sticks to keep the pot with the family dinner boiling. She pats out the bread for the oven, and is, in short, even in her pastimes, a little woman almost as soon as she emerges from babyhood. One delight she has, and that is to play aroos, or bride. The whole performance of the wedding is enacted by her and her companions with great delight. Dolls are a Western importation, and yet I have been informed by an elderly native woman that she has always seen the home-made rag baby, which also is used in impersonating the imaginary aroos.

Both boys and girls, however, have some games. Their playthings or implements are very simple. They are ingenious in turning stones, reeds, bones, acorns, etc., to good account. There are many more games played by the boys than the girls, and these, as a rule, are less active than those common in our own clime. Something similar to marbles is played with small stones. Another of their games is called ka'b ("ankle joint"), and in it the ankle bones of sheep are used. One is laid down, and then each player in turn tosses up one. If, when it falls to the ground, the upper side corresponds to that of the one first placed, the player gains it, and another is put down in its stead, and so on. The one gaining the greatest number of joints wins the game. The word "ka'b" in its plural form is the name for dice, and gambling with dice is common. There are some half-dozen ways of playing with these joints. There is a game played by rolling acorns down an inclined and smooth surface, with the endeavor to strike one previously placed. The successful player wins the acorns. Young men skirmish with lances on horseback, and the boys have various games involving the throwing of reeds in imitation of the throwing of the lance.—*S. S. Times.*

Books and Authors.

(Publishers' Department.)

Fenn's Lessons.¹

Mr. Fenn's Lessons on the beginning of Christianity may be considered a forward step in Christian history. Critical studies have been conducted by scholars, some general expositions have been made for cultivated readers, Sunday Schools have been treated with "liberal views" of the New Testament. Here, at last, is genuine criticism for young classes, giving as far as feasible the process as well as the result, and therefore disciplining the popular intelligence in the only method of reading and appreciating the New Testament which can maintain itself in Protestantism. The teachers who prepare themselves by these excellent helps will find themselves able to form clear convictions as to the truthfulness and the legendary elements of the narratives and at the same time to obtain fresh insight and sympathy for their religious values. The inevitable result must be that a strong body of laymen will give solidity and clarity to the pastor's efforts after a free and spiritual religion. There have been adumbrations of such a manual, but none so frank and scientific in spirit or based on such assured, well-ordered, disinterested study. We may anticipate that the lessons will provoke new interests and new questions, and that this stimulating quality will show in marked contrast to certain other Unitarian lesson papers, where the subject is invested with a drowsy mistiness beyond which nothing else can be seen.

This high educational value is assisted by the happy device of using the illustrations of great paintings as an appeal to the imagination and the æsthetic sense. The historical and religious elements are thus linked to the refining influences of culture, and the relations of the theme are broadened and beautified. Such a Sunday School will prepare children not only for the church, but for a religious appreciation of literature and art. May we not hope that the Sunday School Society will some time be able to publish an edition with reproductions of the pictures? In any case will not Mr. Fenn add a lesson on Paul's idea of justification by faith, and illustrate it by Von Uhde's "Suffer the Children to Come Unto Me." Surely Luther would have delighted in such a picture. Many of us also would prefer Von Uhde's Last Supper to Da Vinci's.

For the scientific value of the positions taken the reviewer has a deep respect. More cautious and careful thought has been expended in the work than any but a scholar can estimate. The treatment given to the topic of the Kingdom of God is an evidence of this critical sagacity and conscientiousness. We welcome the book as an excellent performance and as a premonition of safe and sure advance in remoulding Christian tradition. It is to be hoped that orthodox Christians will find here a guide to the path on which they must travel, if they wish to travel at all. It is to be hoped also that some copies will reach Germany and rebuke the timid German practice of confining modern insight and modern discussion to the clergy. In advance of the rest of the world our churches are elevating Sunday School instruction to a higher moral and intellectual plane, and are thus securing a well-grounded, popular apprehension of religious history which will be a bulwark against irrational reactions and blind indifference.

F. A. C.

We understand that an edition of Mr. Fenn's lessons, with half-tone reproductions of the pictures has been planned by the Sunday School Society, to be issued as soon as the fourth year of the "six years' course" is reached by the schools.—Ed. New Unity.

Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This small volume of poems is the last published work of the late Frank Bolles. Mr. Bolles was a bird lover and naturalist of rare discernment. He had lived with the birds in all sorts of seasons; he knew the shyest flower that grows among the New Hampshire hills, he had seen the haunts of the brown bear and the wild cat. And accordingly he has given some wonderfully accurate and vivid descriptions of his acquaintances and of their homes in the neighborhood of Mt. Chocorua. This is a book out of New England, almost wholly descriptive, yet likely to appeal to all lovers of nature. The illustrations add charming glimpses of the scenes about which the author wrote.

—H. B. L.

No bow and arrow prove a man is brave,
But who keeps rank—stands one unwinking stare
As, plowing up, the darts come—brave is he!

—Robert Browning.

¹ *The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.* By Rev. W. W. Fenn. Second edition: pp. 62. Unity Sunday School Lessons No. XXIV. Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago. Price, 20 cents.

[For list of Books Received, see page 68.]

Literary Notes.

Copeland & Day announce for immediate publication "The Road to Castalay," a book of poems by Alice Brown, author of "Meadow Grass;" "The Captured Cunarder," by William H. Rideing; "In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "Lyrics of Earth," by Archibald Lampman, and two more booklets in the "Oaten Stop Series," by Madison Cawein and Hannah Parker Kimball, respectively.

Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen are to be the English publishers of "A Mountain Woman," the book of tales by Elia W. Peattie, to be issued by Way & Williams in April.

The publisher of the *Philistine* announces that *The Fly Leaf*, Walter Blackburn Harte's paper, has been incorporated with his paper, and that from April 1st, Mr. Harte's services will be devoted to the Society of the Philistines, with office at East Aurora, N. Y.

Those of our readers who read the facsimile of the late Mr. Eugene Field's touching poem which appeared in *THE NEW UNITY* of March 19, may have noticed that it was dated "Hanover, Nov. 4th, 1889," the day of the year on which he died. Mr. Field had just placed his children at school in Hanover, and was much affected with the thought that he was leaving them behind him in a strange country of which they did not understand the language. Retiring to his room in the hotel after bidding them good night, he wrote the poem just as it appears in the facsimile, though he afterward changed the title to "Some Time."

As an evidence that the fad for so-called "large paper copies" is on the wane, it may have been noticed that the Messrs. Longmans printed Mr. Lang's last fairy book, the "Red True Story Book," in one form only. Many book-lovers have always maintained that that edition of a book which is the most symmetrical and harmonious, the quality of paper and press work being uniform, is the most desirable, and that the better way to distinguish exceptional copies is by more adornment, and by the substitution of finer paper, and finer workmanship.

The March number of *The Cambridge Magazine* has a very excellent illustrated article on "Longfellow in Home Life," by Miss Alice M. Longfellow. Another article in the same number that will be read with keen interest is entitled "The Crime and Folly of War with England," by Prof. C. E. Norton.

No. 4 of Volume V of *Current History* (Garretson Cox & Co., Buffalo,) contains an elaborate sketch and review of the life and work of the late Eugene Field, which brings news to the poet's friends. It is interesting to learn, among other things, that the poet and humorist was "a success as a lecturer."

The Henry O. Shepard Co. (Chicago) has decided to meet the demand for a popular edition of "The People's Bible History," edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, by issuing it at \$4.50 in cloth. It is said that Ex-Premier W. E. Gladstone considers his introduction to this stupendous work the finest literary effort of his life. We hope to have more to say of the book in detail in a later issue of *THE NEW UNITY*.

Among the many attractions which the *New England Magazine* always carries, the March number will be conspicuous on account of the article of Rev. John Coleman Adams, if for no other reason. He tells "what a city might be," and stays his prophesy by an appeal to the White City that once rose on the shores of Lake Michigan, that thing of beauty that will be a joy forever in the world. What was realized in plaster may and some day will be realized in granite and marble.

This issue of *THE NEW UNITY* prints a remarkable advertisement from *The Chicago Record*. Next to *The New York World*, it claims the largest circulation in America—160,000 a day. It is but 15 years old, and its success has been phenomenal. Our readers will find on another page an announcement of unusual interest and enterprise, with reference to its prize story competition and the awards.

An appreciative article in the current number of *The Dial* on the new "King Arthur" as portrayed in the drama of J. Comyns Carr and played by Sir Henry Irving and his company, quotes somebody as calling this story of Arthur "the epic of the English mind as the 'Iliad' is the epic of the Greek mind." There could not be a more infelicitous bit of criticism than this. From first to last the Arthurian cycle is un-English. It possesses none of the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon mind or method, while on the other hand, it is fundamentally Celtic, a fact proven not only by the names used but also by the more subtle qualities of imagination, emotion and intensity. The words "Uther Pendragon," "Gwenwhyfar" (Guinevere), "Mordred," as well as all the habitats and folk-lore traditions, go to prove that King Arthur and his associates belong to the Celtic world and from this world of fairy lore have they passed into modern literature. This cycle might be called British in its origin, but it is in no sense English.

A 16-page
Weekly.

THE NEW UNITY

\$2.00 per
Annum.

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All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to WAY & WILLIAMS, The Monadnock, Chicago, Ill.

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

The Swan.

The awakening swan grows tired at last
Of weltering pastures where he feeds;
With wings and feet behind him cast
He cleaves the labyrinth of reeds.

He arches out his sparkling plumes,
He wades and plunges, till he finds
Beneath his breast the azure glooms
Where the great river brims and winds.

Then, with white sails set to the breeze,
The current, cold about his feet,
He fares to those Hesperides,
Where morning and his comrades meet.

Nor—since within his kindling veins
A livelier ichor stirs at last—
Regrets the grass and juicy stains,
The less and savors of the past.

But through the august and solemn void
Of misty waters holds his way,
By some ecstatic thirst decoyed
Toward raptures of the radiant day.

So sails the soul, and cannot rest,
Inglorious in the marsh of peace,
But leaves the good, to seek the best,
Though all its calms and comforts cease.

Though what it seemed to hold be lost,
Though that grow far which once was
nigh,

By torturing hope in anguish tossed,
The awakened soul must sail or die.

EDMUND GOSSE.

PROGRAM.

The First General Convention of the Free
Religious Federation, La Salle, Ill.,
March 26 and 27, 1896.
Thursday, March 26.

8 P. M.—Music.. Aeolian Quartette, Ottawa
Hook, Wilson, Trimble, Weeks.

Address of Welcome.. F. W. Matthiessen,
Mayor of La Salle.

"The Subtrahend".... Rev. L. J. Duncan,
Minister of Church of Good Will,
Streator, Ill.

Music.... Aeolian Quartette
Hook, Wilson, Trimble, Weeks.

"The Remainder".....
..... Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett
Minister of The People's Church,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"The Multiplier and The Product"....

..... Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Editor New Unity; Secy. American
Liberal Congress; Minister All
Souls Church, Chicago.
Friday, March 27.

9:30 A. M.—Meeting of Directors and Of-
ficers.

10:30 A. M.—Business Session.

- Secretary's Report.
- Reports from The Field.
- Adoption of Constitution.
- General Business.

2 P. M.—Platform Meeting.

"Free Religion"..... Rev. A. W. Gould
Secy. Western Unitarian Conference.

Its Application—A Symposium—15 minutes
speeches.

1. In the Home.... Rev. W. A. Colledge
Minister People's Church, Aurora.

2. In the Church..... Rev. A. N. Alcott
Secy. State Liberal Congress; Minis-
ter Independent Universalist
Church, Elgin.

3. In the State..... John E. Williams
Of Streator.

4. In Literature..... Alvin Joiner
Of Polo.

8 P. M.—Reception.

9 P. M.—Speaking.

Speakers of the evening: Rev. R. B.
Marsh, Peoria; Rev. H. O. Hoffman,
Bloomington.

Short speeches are expected from H. L.
Green, Editor *Free Thought Magazine*;
Dr. Paul Carus, Editor *Open Court*;
Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, Manistee; Otto
Kieselbach, Mendota; J. L. White,
Leonore; E. C. Hegeler, La Salle; W. C.
Picking, Lstant and others.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—Miss Lucy E.
Textor, a graduate of Michigan University
and a post-graduate student of Leland Stan-
ford University, is supplying the pulpit
here, to the great satisfaction of the people.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—A small but
intelligent audience attended the lecture at
Montague hall last evening by the Rev.
T. P. Byrnes of Manistee, and felt amply
repaid for braving the cold to do so. Men
of Mr. Byrnes' ability have not often
visited Traverse City and those who lis-
tened to his words of earnest eloquence ex-
pressed the desire to hear him again to-
night. No thinking man or woman can fail
to find food for thought in these lectures
whether they accept all of his conclusions
or not. The subject this evening will be,
"The Affirmations of the Liberal Faith,"

and all are cordially invited to be present.—
The Traverse Bay Eagle

FREEPORT, ILL.—Though Mr. Alcott is
no longer able to supply the People's Church
here, it goes on its way prosperously. It is
inaugurating a series of socials which are
proving very successful. The Sunday
school, though organized so recently, al-
ready has more than 80 scholars and is
steadily increasing in size. Rev. C. F.
Brown of St. Cloud, Minn., supplied the
pulpit here March 8 and 15, and we under-
stand that he left such a favorable impres-
sion that those interested in the society
are making strenuous efforts to secure him
as their minister.

GENESEO, ILL.—Rev. J. B. Bidwell, the
Unitarian minister of this city, recently
preached a sermon on "Infidelity," of
which the daily of that city gives a full
synopsis. The Unitarian Church here seems
to prosper finely under his care, judging
from the large sympathetic audiences that
greeted the western secretary recently;
and the large and attentive Sunday school
augurs especially well for the future of
the church.

Books Received.

EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK.

The New Virtue. By Mrs. Oscar Berringer.
\$1.00.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON.

Hills of Song. By Clinton Scollard, \$1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

Kokora, Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner
Life. By Lafcadio Hearn, \$1.25.

The Supply at Saint Agatha's. By Elizabeth
Stuart Phelps, with illustrations, \$1.00.

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Readings from the Bible, selected for schools
and to be read in unison. Under supervision
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There is...
no virtue in
the nasty taste of
cod-liver oil.

Then why take
it clear?

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Emulsion
breaks the oil in-
to drops so small
that you can
hardly taste it.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Six University Extension lectures given here by Prof. Zenblin, of the University of Chicago, have been very well attended. "Social Reforms in Fiction" was the general topic. The lectures have been full of information and stimulus to students of sociology. The Unity Club omitted three of its fortnightly meetings for the study of sociology, in order to attend these lectures in a body. Prof. Zeublin's undisguised sympathy with the higher criticism of the Bible, his acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, etc., apparently aroused some fears in the minds of his orthodox hearers that they were receiving heterodoxy along with sociology. The Unity Club has resumed its meetings, strengthened by Prof. Zeublin's coming, and hopeful that he may come again.

The Kalamazoo *Telegraph* says: Rev. Carolina J. Bartlett made an address Sunday afternoon in Trades and Labor council hall to an audience representing all trades and lines of work in the city. The hall was packed, aisles and every bit of standing room being occupied. Miss Bartlett's topic was "The Common Riches of Life," upon which she spoke extempore an hour and ten minutes. The central thought was the possible co-operation of laboring men, not alone for better wages and shorter hours, but for those things which give richness and fulness of life.

Miss Bartlett has also addressed the working women of the city in the same hall; and on Wednesday evening, March 18, she will assist in the formation of a Women's Labor Union.

Miss Bartlett exchanges pulpits March 22 with Rev. T. J. Horner, of the Independent Church of Battle Creek.

The People's church celebrated its annual service of Temperance and Purity Sunday morning, it being a union service of the church and Sunday school. Handsome leaflets were used for the service with a fine picture of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore on the front page. Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett gave a sermon about the work being done by the W. C. T. U. and such leaders as Miss Frances E. Willard and Mrs. Livermore. In connection with the service was the annual signing of the "True Helpers" pledge card by members of the Sunday school over 8 years of age. Quite a number of the older people signed cards at the same time. At the Young Men's union meeting held directly after the church service, the young men decided to take up temperance effort as a part of their regular work. This union meets every Sunday after service to discuss the morning sermon.—The Kalamazoo *News*.

Lazarus.

Here he sits beside your door,
Or he wanders in the street;
See ye not the starving poor?
Find him work and food to eat!

He's a man and brother soul,
Sense ye not his noble worth?
Go, your greediness control,
Share with him the wealth of earth.

Live the law of brotherhood;
Reach a hand to help and guide;
Bread and water then were good—
With your brother at your side!

—William Brunton.

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Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use **Pearline**? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. *And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, **Pearline's** fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy.

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MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

Humane Piety.

ROCKLAND, MASS.—A man has been sentenced six months to the house of correction for enticing a dog to fight, then abandoning him after the fight with two of his legs broken.

BOSTON.—A man was fined twenty-five dollars for hitting his horse with a three and a half pound granite block; another was fined twenty-five dollars for driving a disabled horse.

FITCHBURG.—A man was fined sixty dollars for cruelty to a horse.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Committee on Agriculture of the State Legislature has been hearing arguments in favor of the law for the protection of horses from the mutilation of docking.

LONDON.—One hundred and two well defined cases of lockjaw among horses are reported as a result of the docking cruelty.

TRINIDAD.—A Band of Mercy has recently been organized in this place; 24,016 of these bands are now reported in existence throughout the world.

ENGLAND, according to *Our Dumb Animals*, was the first to give to the world a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, a society in the interests of the same purpose, and it has given to the world "Black Beauty."

The British Royal Humane Society has lately awarded testimonials to three women for acts of gallantry in saving life. In each case the rescue was from drowning, and was attained at great risk on the part of the rescuer.

Old and New.

Sweetness vs. Sorrow.

She smiled—she always smiled—
And looked so sweet;
But people said: "Ah, child,
Wait till you meet
Heart trouble."

Then drew she down her face,
And in dismay
Sat down and pondered for a little space.
But springing up again, she turned away,
While double merriment beamed in her eyes;
And, like a sunbeam on a cloudy day,
She seemed, to sadder souls, a glad surprise.

And when grim-favored Death
Looked on her face
She turned, and caught her breath,
And with the grace
Of child and woman both
She bowed her head
Upon her hands, as loth
To go. They said,
Who found her sitting there:

"No tears have we
To drop on her bright hair,
For she is free
To smile in angel faces.
Not a stain
Ere marred her many graces
Or her name."

She smiled—she always smiled—
And looked so sweet,
And God has taken back a darling child
To sit in silent pondering at his feet.
—Marie Harrold Garrison.

Nature Studies.

"How shall I teach my children religion?" asked a young mother of me recently. She asked the question with tears in her eyes. It was the greatest problem of her life. She had herself been taught in her childhood that God had chosen the Jewish people as his own people, had led them out of bondage, had sent them bread from heaven and water from the rock, had spoken his law to them on Mt. Sinai, and had finally so loved the whole world that he gave his only begotten son to die for mankind that they might be saved. She had learned this in her girlhood; and in learning it, had learned that there was a God who loved men and cared for them.

But when she grew to womanhood she had found that all these stories were only stories, and she had thought for a while that she had lost her God and her religion altogether. And she had gone through a long struggle before the larger vision of the Immanent Deity dawned on her soul, a

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T.A.Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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God in the sunset and the rose, in the instinct of bird and insect, and most of all in the human heart. With that new vision her religion became real, a thousand times more real than even in her childish days. For the God of her childhood was far off in heaven and not here on earth. He had spoken long ago to people who were dead and gone and not to the men and women of to-day.

How should she teach that new and transcendent conception of deity, so vague and inconceivable to the childish mind? Could it be done? Must she either teach the old, disproved stories, or else teach no religion at all? She was not content to teach her children merely negations, that this or that story was not true, because she knew that negations are worse than no teaching for the child. They are poison to the young mind. Was there any way by which she could teach the true conception in a form in which the child-mind could take it in and keep it on the foundation of the later and more mature religion?

I told this tearful mother that I thought there was a way of doing this. The study of the human races now on the globe shows that men learned their religion through nature, both human nature and the nature below the human. Men learned that God was love, because they found that human nature was full of love and that love was the law of animal life, insect life and plant life. So the best way to teach the child that God is love is to teach that child the love of human hearts, and animal and insect hearts, and the love of the very plants even. Then he will know that God so loves the world now that he gives his sons and daughters to die for their children every day, as well as to live and labor for them. Men originally learned that God was wise and just, merciful and long-suffering because they found those qualities in human hearts and in animal hearts. They felt that God must be as good as the very best of his creatures, and must be with his creatures day and night caring for them. For how else could they be so wise and loving, so just and yet so merciful? So men worshiped their fellowmen. They worshiped the loving birds, the wise animals and the mysterious plants, as incarnations of God. And thus religion arose. And so religion will safely and surely arise in the mind of the child if he studies nature and learns the love and care, the wisdom and foresight of the living things all about him. And his religion will be real because it is revealed in the insect and plant he finds in the fields of his own town to-day, and not in the doubtful history of some foreign race in some far-off town. And

science is giving us so much that is new and striking in the domain of nature that nature studies will prove the most interesting topic a child can study.

But nature must be taught to the child as the race learned it in its childhood. The child must be allowed to put his own personality into the facts of Botany and Zoology. He must be helped to make all nature a little drama, with the flowers and insects acting their parts like human beings, and who can say that this is not really nearer the truth than the old, mechanical view of nature? At any rate it is the only way the child can learn any fact. His mind takes every fact in a concrete, personal way. And when he has peopled the world about him with wise and loving beings he will inevitably have a Mother Nature and a Father Almighty who are the wise and loving parents of all those wise and loving beings. Then as he grows to manhood these conceptions will grow naturally and without break into the larger and nobler conception of the Immanent Spirit in all things. And I may say that this is not merely theory. We are trying to teach religion in this way in many of our Sunday schools and with much success.—The Federalist.

Pour Forth More Light.

Rise, O Thought, on pinions strong!
Lift thou high from want and wrong.
Man who lives in error's chains,—
Give to him what freedom claims.

Rise in might,—all evil smite!
Rise and like the morning light,
Shed thy beams till truth redeems,
High above the world's base dreams.

Lift, O Thought, with strength supreme,
Man to heights of love's esteem,—
Love for God, for truth, and man,
Love's great work on mercy's plan.

Draw thy bands of holy strands,
Strong around man's great demands;
Pour more light profoundly bright,
Down into the world's dark night.

F. Temple Lathe.

The *Critic* says that Mr. Austin, an assistant librarian in the Cornell library, while cataloguing the fine Dante collection presented to the University by Prof. Willard Fiske, has found some live bookworms in an edition of the "Divine Comedy," bearing the date MDXXXVI. This is the third time only that these rare insects have been found in an American library. Prof. Comstock of the entomological department has succeeded in raising from the insects a number of eggs, worms and beetles for the University museum.

During the fifteen years that women have been admitted to the honor examinations of Cambridge University, 659 women have been classed in the honor lists, securing distinction in mathematics, the classics, law, languages, theology and science. A memorial asking for the admission of women to degrees has secured the signatures of 2,200 members of the Senate, and many dignitaries outside the university. A similar movement is on foot at Oxford backed by the vice-chancellor and the president of Magdalen College.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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The very latest astronomical works catalogue between 6,000 and 7,000 "double stars." When Herschel made his initial observations, only four were known.

The largest Greek papyrus known, and one of the oldest, is "The Revenue Laws of Ptolemy Philadelphus," consisting of two rolls now in the British Museum. Mr. Grenfell has edited it with a translation, commentary, and appendixes, and the Clarendon Press will publish it, with an introduction by Professor Mahaffy and a portfolio containing thirteen facsimiles.

The oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in the Egyptian museum at Cairo. It consists of crowns, garlands, wreaths, and bouquets of flowers, all taken from the ancient tombs of Egypt, most of the examples being in excellent condition and nearly all of the flowers have been identified. They cannot be less than 3,000 years old.

France has secured from the Shah of Persia the exclusive privilege to unearth archaeological treasures in that ancient empire. The Louvre already contains many valuable antiquities dug up at Shushan, and the work has scarcely begun. The Persian government retains the ownership of gold and silver jewelry brought to the surface, but will sell half to France. The French will have the sole right to make casts of all sculptures, statues, and inscriptions, and may claim half of all the spoils except in the cases just named.

The hottest mines in the world are the Comstock, in Nevada. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Every known means of mitigating the heat has been tried in vain. Ice melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

A German paper has an article on the religious condition of Iceland. The island has seventy-two thousand inhabitants of Lutheran faith. The Bible is diligently read; and, although the children do not receive education in schools, but from parents and ministers, every Icelander can read and write. A recent traveler says that the Icelanders have a better average culture than any European people. There are 287 churches, of which 12 are stone, 246 of wood, and 29 of turf. In the inside they are extremely plain, with bare walls.

That distinguished medical authority, the London *Lancet* makes a very revolutionary statement. It says that children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of cold by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, wear shoes and stockings.

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